MENDACIMASTIX

OR A

WHIP

FOR THE

TOLOSAN LYER,

Being

A Brief ANSWER,

TO THE

RELATION

OF TWO

INVISIBLE Old Men,

Reported to be seen in *Tholouze* in *France*:

IN A

LETTER

Sent from a Friend in *London*, to the *French*

PSEUDOGRAPHIR.

Lying SIR,

I Question not, but this will come safe to your Hands by the Invisible Post, as well as yours came to mine, by the flying Packet from *Tholouze*, for it made devlish hast being Dated from that City, being in *Narbonne* in the farthest part of *France*, the 18 of *August* 1680. and on the 17th it was Printed and Cryed

about the Streets, being the next day. Lyers ought to have good Memories, for in framing Lyes, there is required ſomthing more than hudling Words together, and ſweet Sir, you have made yours ſo very Monſtrous, that it hath not the ſweet Face of a likely Lye, nor the pleaſant one of a *Romance*, but looks like its own Father the Devil, the Author of Lyes, your Date at the firſt daſh were enough to Convince any one, that is not of the Colledge of *Bethlem*, of the Monſtroſity of the Fiction, and it would be but holding a Candle in a clear Sun-ſhiny Day, to uſe Words or Arguments to perſwade any, that your whole Full and Exact Relation, is a very Full and Exact Lye, However, ſince this is a Scribling Age, and that perhaps I have as little to doe as you, when you Inven ed it, I ſhall make ſome few Remarques on your falſe *Story*. Had I been to have adviſed you, you ſhould have laid the Scene of this Lye, at a greater Diſtance, either in *Terra Incognita*, or *Utopia*, *Atlantis* or ſome of thoſe Regions, for *Tholouze* is a little too near, and the Fraud may be too ſoon diſcovered, perhaps before your next Packet comes, which you have promiſed from *Rome*, ſo that it ſeems you are a Retainer to theſe Inviſible old *Apoſtles*, and keep 'um Company in their Journey. *Apoſtles*! and why *Apoſtles*? My thinks you might better have thought on the Notion of the two Witneſſes: *Muggleton*, and his curſing Companion and fellow Shoo-maker It would have paſſed better with the Fifth Monarchy Men; but if they are *Apoſtles* you might have made them about ſix hundred years older, and then they might have been taken by the *Romaniſts* for St *James* and St. *John* or ſome of Chriſts *Apoſtles*, that had got a a new Reſurrection, or elſe had not been Martyred according to Tradition. Then they came from *Damaſcus* a City in *Gallile*, I think you are not Skilled in *Coſmography*, for we never Heard or Read of ſuch a City in *Gallily*, but in *Syria*, the Seat now of a Turkiſh *Baſhaw*. But 'tis no matter it ſeems, whence they came, but moſt likely from *Damaſcus* in the *Moon*, or in *Fary-Land*, for they dropt down Inviſibly into *Tholouſe*: For ſays, the Learned *Pamphlet*: *No perſon ever ſaw them to enter into the City*: This is the firſt Truth in the Letter, and I believe it It had methinks been worth your while to have deſcribed their Extraordinary habit, and you would have us ſuppoſe their Cloaths, are as

old

old as themſelves, and that I am very apt to Believe too, for no doubt they were created together out of the Noddle of the Writer. Some Taylors, eſpecially the French Taylors here in *London*, would have been glad to have known this Extraordinary Faſhion, and it might have made your Pamphlet ſell the better, but it ſeems your Farcy was Jaded. But why in the Name of *Belzebub*, dropt they firſt into *Bolovſe*? I never heard that City to have been a *Sodom* before, my thinks you might have better dopt them into *Rome*, or in *Geneva*, in the laſt if thou art a *Roman*, in the firſt if a *Fanatick* Lyer. But now I have found it out, you would give them a Journy over the *Alps* to *Rome*, that we in *London* may have a ſecond Intertainment of their Adventures in that place, from you their Inviſible Secretary, obſerve alſo that they are very Learned Men, and can diſpute in *Latin*, *Greek*, *Hebrew*, and *Chalde*, and ſince the *Jeſuites*, cannot convert them, would make uſe of their ordinary way to Confound them, with Impriſonment and Chains made of ſtrong and heavy Iron, Spaniſh Iron without doubt. But 'tis well for them they could ſo eaſily break them, no doubt but they deſerve to be made Saints, who were before *Apoſtles*. God bleſs us! tenn years and the World is at an end; I would fain know (if you have any Land) what you would take for the Reverſion of it after 1690. But we have a Doomſday *Sedgwick* in our *Lunatick* times, and need not go to *France* to know times and Seaſons. But 'tis well theſe inviſible *Apoſtles* are going to his Holineſs, who wants much the Advice of ſuch Antient Saints, ſince he will not believe the Writings of St. *Paul*, St. *John*, St. *James* and St. *Peter*; he may be inſtructed by theſe of the old and true Inſtitutions, and that he may make a thorow Reformation of all Superſtition and falſe Doctrine, under which his Holineſs Flock lies. I wonder that the French King did not lay hold on them, and ſet 'um up for Popes in *Paris*, now he has ordered his Clergy to make no Appeal to *Rome*. But I cannot yet learn, what the Religion of theſe old Inviſible Men ſhould be; by their eating Bread and drinking Water, they ſhould be no *Presbyterians*, and by their preaching to the People to do Pennance, they ſhould be *Roman-Catholicks* of the laſt Edition, or *Scotch* Maſter *Johns* But we have troubled with this ridiculous ſtory too long, and ſhall now end with a loving advice: That the next Lye you frame to delude poor ignorant ſilly Women, Children and Melancholly

Sots

Sots, and Religious Dreamers, may be done with more probability, and that you get a more cunning *Stephanophilus* to help you, and that you meddle not with Religion, and put lies and abuses upon Professions: or rather, since lying is a sinful though thriving Calling, that you employ the little Wit you have some other way; for though no man or Woman that has common understanding will believe you, yet there are many among the Vulgar, whose Wits are a Woolgathering, that think all true they see in print, and can swallow as great a lye as this, and perhaps have imagined as much in their Chymerical Fancies, therefore good lying Friend, if we hear no more of your two invisible *Apostles*, the people will believe very rationally, that they broke their Necks going over the *Alps* to *Rome*, and that the Devil carried away their Secretary a Pick-Pack to Hell for his gross and foolish Lying.

FINIS.

Printed by *D. Mallet.* 1680.